

# DISCONTENT

"MOTHER OF PROGRESS"

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WHOLE NO. 114.

## BUILDING CASTLES IN THE AIR.

This world is all a fleeting show;  
Our life is like a dream;  
And man is but a little boat  
That's floating down the stream.  
He tries to guide his little craft  
Through darkness and despair,  
But his mind is ever busy  
Building castles in the air.

He tries his fortune at the wheel,  
And on the wide blue sea;  
But the "best laid schemes of mice and men"  
He finds are "aft aglee."  
He seeks for fame in foreign lands,  
Where skies are bright and fair;  
But at the best his efforts are  
But castles in the air.

We are traveling on the plain of life,  
And many roads we see;  
They have guideboards without number,  
But none of them agree.  
Mankind are drifting to and fro,  
They are scattered everywhere;  
And each one striving hard to build  
His castle in the air.

Our churches all have different creeds,  
And each one claims the right;  
But when you look for evidence  
It's always out of sight.  
Men say their faith is firm and sure,  
As they depend on prayer;  
They are shouting hal-le-lu-ja  
At some phantom in the air.

They say salvation's free to all,  
But that seems rather flat.  
For every Sunday at the church  
They are sure to pass the hat.  
They say, "Come, sinners, go to heaven—  
There will be no sorrow there."  
So they climb up Jacob's ladder  
To bright castles in the air.

Their preachers vote for prohibition,  
The "members" fall in line;  
But at the sacramental board  
Each saint must have his wine.  
They say it's emblematic of  
The blood of Christ so fair;  
Now, isn't their consistency just like  
Some castle in the air?

Religion of the present day  
Is quite a curious thing;  
The churches are all drifting wild,  
Like birds upon the wing;  
Their faith in God is all "played out;"  
That mustard seed so rare  
Has proved to them their faith is but  
Some castles in the air.

They have tried to change the Bible so  
That it will suit the times;  
An angry God and endless hell  
Don't suit their troubled minds.  
And Satan, too, that old arch fiend,  
An angel once so fair—  
They have scratched his name, and now  
he's but  
Some castle in the air.

For eighteen hundred years they've  
howled  
To sinners all around:  
"Hark, from the tombs, ye wretched  
souls—  
List to the gospel sound.  
By Adam's fall God cursed you all,  
You are now in dark despair."  
Now, don't you think that curse is but  
Some castle in the air?

Their ministers are sore distressed,  
They have almost gone insane;  
But still they spit their brimstone at  
Such men as Thomas Paine.  
They say God doomed his soul to hell,  
To dwell forever there;  
Now, don't such crazy lunatics  
Build castles in the air?

Old Orthodoxy's losing power,  
Her structure soon will fall;  
Her creeds are all turned upside down  
By Robert Ingersoll.  
They have found their faith is all a myth,  
No answer to their prayer;  
Their endless hell is nothing but  
Some castle in the air.

When sickness comes upon us  
The doctor takes control;  
Perhaps he'll lose the body,  
But the priest will save the soul.  
He says your sins are many,  
And mumbles o'er a prayer,  
And you die shouting glory at  
Bright castles in the air.

So, now, kind friends, investigate,  
And you will plainly see  
That science and theology they never can  
agree.

Your Bible tells you that the sun  
Stood still for one whole day,  
And thousands of poor human souls  
Were killed by Joshua.  
Now, don't you think the Lord was tough,  
And acted quite unfair?  
Or is that Bible story but  
Some castle in the air?

The lawyers say "Good morning, friends;  
Your case is very plain;  
And for one hundred dollars  
Your suit I'll surely gain."  
He talks to you quite eloquent,  
His plans are laid with care;  
But you have paid your hundred dollars  
For some castle in the air.

The politician meets you.  
Says he: "I want your vote.  
Our nation's retrograding,  
And everything's afloat,  
The church and state must harmonize,  
Or we're left in despair."  
But, mind you, that old dude is  
Building castles in the air.

Don't worship phantoms in the air;  
Be true to truth and man;  
Don't put faith in any creed;  
Do all the good you can;  
Then when you are called to leave this  
world  
Your exit will be fair;  
You will find that home you're going to  
No castle in the air.

—An Infidel, 1888.

## THE CRIME OF PRUDISHNESS.

Prudes are criminals!  
Not against the laws of pigmy man,  
but against the laws of nature, against  
the laws of God. To them the body is  
something vulgar, not to be mentioned  
or to be disclosed even to the fresh pure  
air. They live in this atmosphere of  
impurity and narrowness. It stamps its  
influence upon their bodies and upon  
their features. They have no mind or  
opinions of their own. Their standard  
is based on what Mr. and Mrs. So-and-so  
will think, not upon a clear apprehen-  
sion of what they consider to be right  
or wrong. They go through life mental  
and physical slaves. They grow up with  
these perverted, narrow ideas, and must  
often wonder how a pure mind can pos-  
sibly exist in such a vulgar habitation.  
All this is a perversion of the natural,  
and is criminal in character.  
But the horrible crime of prudishness  
is illustrated the most startlingly in the  
endeavor to hide and ignore the sexual  
instinct. May heaven help the children  
of prudes, for no help, no knowledge  
can be obtained from their parents.

They will stand by and see their chil-  
dren struggling in the mire and filth of  
sexual depravity without a word of as-  
sistance. They will see them go blindly,  
innocently, up to and over the precipice  
of self abuse without a hint as to the  
true character of the terrible results  
that will follow this base habit. They  
are the perverts of the earth. They  
have no right to curse others because of  
their impure minds.

It is considered a crime to cripple or  
kill a man, and when an engineer kills  
and cripples scores of persons by neg-  
lect he is considered criminally liable.  
But prudes, placed in the position of  
parents, allow their children to deform  
and weaken their bodies, demoralize and  
degrade their minds and morals, and at  
times produce even death, by their crim-  
inal prudishness and neglect, and no  
voice of protest is heard.

Look back on childhood and youth,  
you men, you women, and recall the  
knowledge that you had to acquire by  
physically degrading and demoralizing  
influences! When you were inclosed in  
the throes of this mental, and at times  
physical, agony, did you never think of  
the plain duty of your parents? Have  
you ever wondered if the barbaric rites  
and cruelties of savages could have such  
physically deteriorating influences as  
this worse than savage neglect?

All hail the day when this curse of  
prudishness, with its vulgar idea of the  
nude, shall have disappeared. Then  
our boys and girls will have some chance  
of growing into manhood, into woman-  
hood, without being weakened and de-  
moralized physically and mentally be-  
cause of sexual ignorance.—Physical  
Culture.

## FAVORS MR. DEBS.

Such a laudatory article about an en-  
emy of the people—a man who is an op-  
ponent of useful productive labor—as  
appears over the signature of Joseph A.  
Labadie in the last issue of DISCONTENT  
reads very funnily to me. Moreover  
such effusions are very misleading to the  
average mind.

I would like to know if Mr. Labadie is  
one of those haters of Socialists who do  
not recognize that there is an opponent  
of Mr. Bryan who is nearer to the cause  
of freedom than Mr. Bryan himself?

Can anyone consistently advocate the  
emancipation of the honest toiler and  
support Mr. Bryan? Has not Mr. Laba-  
die heard such a name as Debs? And  
having heard, how can he possibly claim  
Bryan to be nearer to the producing  
classes than this friend of liberty and  
equality who comes from the ranks of  
productive labor?

Does Mr. Bryan advocate a system  
that the full product of human exertion  
should belong to the toiler, or be en-  
joyed in peace by him; advocate the abo-  
lition of private ownership in natural  
resources and all but voluntary taxation?

Now, my definition of corruption may  
differ from Mr. Labadie's. According

to my view any man is corrupt who lives  
on or from the labor of others and ac-  
cumulates riches without giving a just  
equivalent for what he receives, and  
that is exactly what Mr. Bryan is doing.  
He lives in opulence, and is building up  
a comfortable fortune from the flux of  
his language, and he feels a swelling of  
the breast, and his ideas expand, as he  
listens to the jingling tune of the boodle  
it produces; and even his presence  
grows more important when he contem-  
plates how nice it is to have 16 working  
to support one—and he that one.

Four years ago the glare of shining  
gold may have affected his vision, but  
by this time his conscience has become  
accustomed to the glitter and no matter  
how bright the dollar the danger is  
naught.

You are right, Mr. Labadie, Mr. Bryan  
is becoming radical, but it is his side of  
the labor question, and he has evolved  
so far that he doesn't care if the dollar is  
silver or gold. His future is safe. No  
\$1 a day pay for Mr. Bryan. And maybe  
those who follow him also see the silver  
lining on the gold dollar, so they'll go  
ahead and whoop her up for Mr. Bryan.  
Tacoma. E. F. ROTSHECK.

## THE FRUIT OF RAPACITY.

No thinking mind can turn to the so-  
cial system of our time and not feel the  
quaking of a volcano. Oppression is in  
the very air and the elements which  
everywhere penetrate society are no  
where better observed than in the vari-  
ous forms of class legislation. The office  
of the politician, like that of the relig-  
ionist, is to burden the people with laws  
enacted in the interests of certain classes  
or schools. In this way the high prerog-  
atives of true politics and social econ-  
omy have been lowered to the behests of  
the self seeking and the intolerant.

We can scarcely turn the eye upon the  
law records that we do not see this pros-  
titution, and the question whether our  
ideas of representative government are  
misspent and abortive is fully answered  
and in the affirmative.

Abortive likewise is the effort to con-  
vince the beneficiaries of favoritism that  
any criticism upon this degeneracy is  
not inimical of our institutions and li-  
able to foster a discontented spirit. But  
the army of the discontented is the army  
of social and spiritual progress. The  
discontent is already here.

As soon as an interest assumes pro-  
portions of public benefit it becomes ab-  
sorbed in the maelstrom of monopolistic  
combination. This is in the economic  
sphere. The same element of rapacity  
works in sectarianism, and in proportion  
that free thought and free speech be-  
come the boon nature intended in the  
progress of the race they are sought to  
be throttled and crowded out.

The rapacity of human nature is its  
most dominant feature when brought in  
contact with the things which minister  
to commercial ease. It crops out inva-

(Continued on page 4.)



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## FOOLS OR ROGUES?

"RESPECT THE LAWS OF GOD."

"There were services at the Y. M. C. A. yesterday afternoon to commemorate the fiftieth anniversary of statehood. Secretary H. J. McCoy presided, introducing the Rev. George C. Adams as the first speaker.

"Respect for the law of God is the primary requisite of good citizenship," declared Mr. Adams, "because obedience to Nature's laws, which are God's laws, is obedience to the laws of man."

"He was followed by A. P. Black, the lawyer, who heartily indorsed what Mr. Adams had said."—San Francisco Examiner.

If man's laws are God's laws, then they are not man's laws but God's laws, and further if God's laws are Nature's laws, then they are not God's laws but Nature's laws.

No man is competent to make a law for another man or woman.

The currency laws are against nature; there is only one natural standard of value, viz., LABOR. Gold is man's standard of iniquity. Money is the root of all evil, which all have to covet, and without it are pierced through with many sorrows. (Latest translation from a book of fables.)

The church and the state have made money a necessity of civilized (?) life. The church says it is the undue love of money that is the evil; the state says if you have no money we will put you in prison; it is our duty to protect the weak; we know that we have made laws so that they that have abundance, to them shall be given more abundantly, and from him that hath but little take all that little away; there are millions with but little, but all those littles will do to pay the parsons and the soldiers, and these two factors will keep church and state in the business of robbing labor.

Do parsons and secretaries of Y. M. C. A.'s know that that most estimable man Jesus, or Hesus, who was crucified for his attempt to upset the money power, was the SEVENTEENTH SON OF A GOD, WHO HAD BEEN CRUCIFIED FOR BEING TOO GOOD; but of course they must know—they have studied theology—but for the sake of those who do not know, the following list may be interesting:

Thulis, of Egypt, crucified 1700 B. C.;  
Christna, of India, crucified 1200 B. C.;  
Crite, of Chaldea, crucified 1200 B. C.;  
Atys, of Phrygia, crucified 1170 B. C.;  
Thammuz, of Syria, crucified 1160 B. C.;  
Hesus, of the Celtic Druids, crucified 834 B. C.;  
Indra, of Thibet, crucified 725 B. C.;  
Bali, of Orissa, crucified 725 B. C.;  
Iao, of Nepal, crucified 622 B. C.;  
Sakia, of Hindostan, crucified 600 B. C.;  
Mithra, of Persia, crucified 600 B. C.;  
Alcestos, of Euripides, crucified 600 B. C.;  
Quexalcote, of Mexico, crucified 587 B. C.;  
Wittoba, of the Telingone, crucified 552 B. C.;  
Prothemus, of Caucasus, crucified 547 B. C.;  
Quirinus, of Rome, crucified 506 B. C.

According to history most of these

were born of virgins, on the 25th of December, and after crucifixion rose again and ascended into heaven.

We rejoice to hear that the Methodists deplore an absolute loss of 21,000 in membership last year in this country. The fact is, we cannot be free so long as people are weak and superstitious enough to attend any church and accept as truth any one of the thousand and one dogmas taught by the various sects, either one of which, if they had the power, would give all others the hell-fire treatment at the earliest possible moment.

The falling off in church membership and church attendance is the most hopeful sign of the times.

Anarchists are opposed to churches and war—in fact, opposed to murder, whether wholesale or retail. Churches are prominent in their approval of the bullet-sword-disease plan of salvation. San Francisco. KINGHORN-JONES.

## THE DALE PLAN.

No. 6.

## PHILOSOPHY OF INDIVIDUALISM.

I have now described all the machinery which I deem necessary for inaugurating the kingdom of heaven on the earth. Kingdom, however, is not the word, except with the understanding that the king is not to be an arbitrary ruler, but may be any one capable of governing with and by the consent of the governed. I call it the kingdom of heaven, because it will be somewhat like the one Jesus tried to establish and which he claimed to have modeled after that of his father in heaven. What Jesus would have done had he lived to establish his kingdom we can only guess; but it is fair to presume that after promising life everlasting to those who should love one another he would not have deliberately nullified his work by tyrannizing over them.

It may not interest my readers to talk of what Jesus said and did; but I beg to be indulged in a few remarks as to points in his teaching and life which are commonly overlooked. He disobeyed the laws of his country, wherever he felt inclined to do so, and especially in disregarding the sacred sabbath day. He denounced usury, and chastised those who dealt in money. He selected his associates from among the common people, including some of questionable virtue, regardless of what Mrs. Grundy might say. He never married; and he earnestly and solemnly affirmed that those who were accounted worthy of eternal life neither married nor were given in marriage. Why? Because life is the reward of love, and love is extinguished by marriage. Could there be any other reason?

Jesus loved both women and men. Had he loved only women the multitude would not have followed him, and he would have died "unwept and unsung." The love that flows only to one sex is good for propagation, but it is not the fountain of life to the lover. To win eternal life one must love his neighbor as himself. Such love has no exclusive interest in a wife or a husband. Neither has it an exclusive interest in anything. But it does not follow that we are to own all things in common. That is marriage. That will bring jealousy and discord. If I have no absolute title to that which is mine, much less have I a right to appropriate that which is my neighbor's. That which belongs to me

goes out to my neighbor with my love; but love goes not out to fulfil a convention. Jesus told the young man who came to inquire what he must do to inherit eternal life, to go and sell all that he had and give to the poor. He did not tell him to take in the poor as partners, nor to build unitary homes for those who were worthy. Nor did he enjoin his followers to live together, or to work together, or to own anything in common. The command to love one another covered the whole ground. Each was to be free to live his own life, and to be happy in his own way.

Now, a few words as to Dale and I am done. I have a nice little home, partly improved, near the railroad station. It can be made to support 15 or 20 persons or more by adding outside industries. I have lived a long time already, but so much of the time without love that I am liable to die almost any day or night. There are no heirs who will claim an interest in my estate. It is not much, but what there is I propose to give for the benefit of humanity. Without waiting for death, I will make a deed of trust to some person who is intelligent, loving and faithful enough to be worthy of the office, conditioned that it be a home for earnest seekers after social harmony, through individual freedom and responsibility, as herein outlined. Who will accept the trust? There is only one candidate as yet. Men are eligible as well as women. Only the three qualifications named above are required. The trustee will be archon in the matter of admission to the home; but until the archon is elected I will answer all questions.

Dale, Okla.

A. WARREN.

## WHAT IS LOVE?

My Dear Friend: For the present I will ignore all the other subjects mentioned in your letter and endeavor to reply to your question "What is love?" I say endeavor, for I doubt my ability to answer it in full. We can say it is an emotion, but so is hate, anger, joy and sorrow. Love is sung by the poets and written by the novelists and it permeates all nature. I do not refer to the love existing between parents and children nor that between friends, but the love between a man and woman.

I laughed when I read "I think I love Mr. Blank, but I am not sure." Now, let me say, and say it loudly, YOU DO NOT LOVE. Love a man and not know it! Then your love is not full grown, but is a weak stripling blown about by every wind; coaxed with a box of bonbons; lured by a gaudy ring; dazzled by a yard of ribbon; intoxicated by a kiss. Bah! That is the love of an immature girl, but the love of rich, ripe womanhood is vastly more than that. I think from the way you write that you would be pleased to love Mr. Blank, for you say "he has lovely eyes;" so has our jersey heifer. "He has fine teeth;" so has our dog Fido. "He has beautiful hair;" so has our Angora cat. "He dresses well;" so does a tailor's dummy. You sum it all up when you say "he has a large bank account; and I say he is not unique even in that.

You ask if two cannot live happily together without feeling a passionate love for each other. It depends on what you mean by "happy." We hear and read of platonic love, but that exists but a short time, for I have always noticed

that when a man or woman start their friendship that way they either end it by becoming lovers or cease being friends. It is not worth the experiment, unless you want to gain a lover or lose a friend.

You ask concerning the possibility of loving two or more. Certainly, the capability of some hearts to take in the whole world (of the opposite sex) is immense. Who was it that said "I love all women, bless 'em"? But I really would not go far to get such love as that. We undoubtedly love one person for certain qualities which we think they possess, and another for other loveable traits, or, perhaps, it would be better to say we feel attracted to them, for I have noticed that the large-hearted ones, who claimed to be able to love so many at the same time, had a favorite among them, just as the Oriental monarchs have a favorite in the harem; a sort of central love around whom he clusters the lesser loves just as in the making of a bouquet we sometimes take a large, perfect, gorgeous, red rose and surround it with white rose buds.

Which would you prefer to be, the rose or the white buds? You may say that the rose will fall to pieces the quicker, but you cannot tell, it all depends on the variety of the rose and buds and on the treatment they receive.

I do not like the clustered bouquet. It is not so admirable as the single flower. I have a tall, clear, cut-glass vase, so slender that it will not hold two rose stems without crowding. I pluck a flower with a long, slender stem that reaches to the bottom of the vase. I renew the water every day, and the flower thrives and gives me delight with its beauty and fragrance. It has room to unfold and many a bud has opened to a fully matured flower in that vase. When friends ask "How do you keep your flowers fresh so long?" my reply is "By giving them plenty of room and proper care." You can make the application. It is surely plain enough.

We are differently constituted, and that which will satisfy one person will starve another. You think you love Mr. Blank. I know a woman who says: "I love but thee, I love but thee, with a love that shall not die Till the sun grows cold, and the stars are old, And the leaves of the judgement book unfold."

She does not say "I t-h-i-n-k I love him." She has no thought of loving more than one. In fact, there is but one for her. She does not consider the possibility of that love ending for she says:

"How do I love thee? Let me count the ways.  
I love thee to the depth and breadth and height  
My soul can reach, when feeling out of sight  
For the ends of being and ideal grace.  
I love thee to the level of every day's  
Most quiet need, by sun and candle light.  
I love thee freely, as men strive for right.  
I love thee with the passions put to use  
In my old griefs, and with my childhood's faith;  
I love thee with a love I seemed to lose  
With my lost saints. I love thee with the breath,  
Smiles, tears, of all my life, and, if God choose,  
I shall but love thee better after death."

You may say such love is hard to find; perhaps so, I do not know. But of this

(Continued on page 4.)



## CHAINS.

BY JUNO.

## CHAPTER XV.

The work went on rapidly and the addition to the farm was cleared and the building begun. It was so near the city that Mr. Crawford proposed making a pleasure resort of it. "We can charge a small entrance fee and supply picnic parties with butter, eggs and milk at wholesale prices. During the summer much of the fruit can be sold here. We can charge the same price to churches and all religious societies, no discrimination."

"I would discriminate in favor of those who bring the poor of the city for an outing. I would like to let them have the place free, and all the fruit and eggs they wanted to eat and all the milk they wanted to drink at least once during the summer," remarked Jennie.

"Yes, Jennie, I would, too," Ida said.

They talked and planned, and it was finally arranged that Mr. Crawford was to attend to the pleasure resort. Full liberty was given to him to rent it and keep it in order. He and Sam Carrol planned and worked together to make the addition a place of beauty.

Mary said: "I do not like to call it 'Naboth's Vineyard'. We did not resort to any questionable method to obtain it, and though, like Naboth, we did covet it, yet we got it honestly."

"Name it then, Mary; I agree with you that we want no stigma attached to it, and that name is rather suggestive of evil doing."

"If I am to name it, Aunt Marian, then I will call it Fairview Glen. Where they are building that pavilion is one of the loveliest places I ever saw. It is a cool place in summer and a warm one in winter, for it is in the shade of those great oaks, and they make a good shelter from the storms of winter."

"But, Mary, there isn't much of a view from the glen, all you can see is trees and hills," said Sam.

"I said Fairview Glen. As you stand on that hill and look down into the glen, is it not a fair view? And then it belongs to the farm, and that is Fairview farm, so you see there are two good reasons for giving it that name."

Some weeks later Mr. Crawford asked the family if they would keep away from the Glen until they were invited to visit the place. "Sam and I are too busy to entertain company."

The family laughingly promised to stay away, and there was much guessing and much good natured sparring regarding the "mystery."

One morning each found a neatly written invitation: "Fairview Glen will be formally opened at 3 p. m. Kindly honor us by your presence. By order of the committee." So read the invitations.

The fun and teasing that followed should have been heard to be appreciated. But to all teasing and questioning the "committee" only answered "come and see."

Sam told Mary that he would be glad to take her and Carrol in his buggy. "As we go around by the road, it will be too far to walk."

"And I will be glad to go with you, Sam," answered Mary.

Jennie told Rollin "that as they were going to ride it would be better to take

the large carriage, and then Ida and mother can go with us."

Later in the day this arrangement was mentioned, when Mr. Crawford said: "Your mother will ride over with me."

"Ah," said Jennie. It started some thoughts that evidently were pleasant ones, as she said to Rollin: "I will be glad for both of them if they do think a great deal of each other. Mother never was very happy with father, and you know something of Uncle Andrew's life."

"Is this the first time you have noticed anything? I have noticed the growing intimacy and think Uncle Andrew makes a gallant lover and Aunt Marion a sweetheart of whom anyone could be proud."

"I am glad of it, Rollin, but I am sorry for Ida, poor girl, she is lonely and I know she loves James Bryington and that she longs for him. Andrew is a constant reminder. Did you ever see a child such an exact counterpart of a man?"

"No, I never did. He is a dear little fellow, but sometimes I wish he did not look so much like James. I can scarcely forgive him for the way he acted. It was cowardly and false."

"We must remember, Rollin, that all his training and teaching, all his environments, were calculated to bring forth just such fruit. I know that Ida loves him, but she will not wear her heart on her sleeve and she is too much of a woman to let her suffering be known so long as she can hide it. But I have seen her when some look or act of Andrew reminded her forcibly of James and her eyes would fill with tears. She is not one of the complaining kind and she is a good mother. So kind and tender, yet firm."

Sam, Mary and Carrol started first. "Sam is chairman of the committee and must be there to do the honors," so said Mr. Crawford. A half hour after Uncle Andrew and Aunt Marian (as the young folks called them and hereafter we will know them by those names) drove over.

In time to reach the Glen at the appointed time Rollin, Jennie, Ida and Andrew, Jr., started. They drove through an arched entrance. Upon this arch was printed Fairview Glen. A road had been cleared, so there was an easy drive to the pavilion. Upon reaching the pavilion they were welcomed by the "committee" and were shown the beauties of the place. A large hall for dancing was in the centre with a floor as smooth as it could be made. Then there was a cloak room, where each hook was numbered, and an ice cream parlor, all ready for use.

"We will furnish a kitchen, but it is not done yet, and in the winter we can let sleighing parties have it for oyster suppers."

"Oh, I have a great many notions in my head, but I will not tell you all of them now, as I do not want to startle you. I want to have a reading room here. You know I have a large library, and all that furniture I have stored away might as well be used here. I want to make this place pay all expenses. I do not care to do more than that," remarked Uncle Andrew.

"It is so near home that we can come here for rest and it is a place of beauty and peace," said Aunt Marian.

The committee had provided refreshments, and the ice cream and cake were duly complimented and appreciated.

Then the ride home by moonlight was entirely too short, Sam declared.

A few advertisements were judiciously placed, and the fact became known that within easy distance of the city there was a beautiful resort which could be had for a reasonable sum. Disorderly people were politely, but firmly, told that "their room was better than their company," and "The Committee," as they were called by the rest of the family, had enough to keep them busy, and Rollin found that his fruit did not have to be taken to the city so often, for it was in demand at the picnics. Butter, sweet milk, butter milk and cream found a ready sale there, and the family were busy and happy.

Jennie had made a study of her own system and of the laws governing pregnancy. She and Rollin both wanted a child, for they loved children, and their love for each other increased as they became better known to one another.

"Our happiness will be complete, little wife, when we have a little one of our own," Rollin said, and for three weeks Jennie had hoped that this longing was to be gratified.

"I will say nothing to Rollin until I know certainly." So one evening when Rollin was in his room some one rapped on his door, and in response to his "Come in," Jennie walked in.

"I am glad to see you, dear. I was just debating whether to go down to the sitting room or go to your room, and you have decided it for me."

What was the cause of this sudden shyness? Rollin noticed instantly that there was a change of some kind, that Jennie, who was usually so ready to talk with him, seemed at a loss for something to say. With the kindly tact that was so natural to him he did not question her, but talked of the farm, the Glen, and of the happy life they were living. "I don't think we could be any happier." She looked at him and a rosy hue flushed her cheeks as she said "I think, dear, that we will be happier, in fact, I am sure we will be."

Rollin noted the happy, almost tremulous tone, the new tender look in her eyes, then going to her he put his arm around her and said: "Is it true at last, little wife, that we will have that blessing?"

They knew now what love was in a fuller, sweeter sense, and from that time Rollin watched over her with a new tenderness. He seemed to read her wishes and desires almost before she herself knew them.

"You will spoil me, Rollin."

"It is all I can do, Jennie. I can only help you bear the burden, I can only lighten it. You have all the pain and sickness to bear, and I must do all I can to make it less severe. Would a man do less?"

During the winter months several sleighing parties had come to the Glen, and it was becoming well and favorably known. Uncle Andrew announced one morning that the next day a party of young men would be at the Glen, and that he would probably not be at home until late, as he wished to see that everything was in readiness for the party and he was very careful to cover the fire and lock things up securely.

"All right, Uncle Andrew, I will go over and help you. I think it will be bitterly cold tonight, as the snow has ceased falling." And Sam Carrol went

to the Glen with Uncle Andrew to attend to the place.

Ida Crawford was a beautiful woman, one who would attract attention anywhere, but better than mere outward beauty was the beauty of the mental and spiritual qualities. Tonight, as she moved around quietly and gracefully with a loving word for all, it was plainly seen that all loved her. "My booful mama," little Andrew called her. Ida was the source of help and strength to Jennie, who was so frail and ill that the family were anxious regarding her. A profound melancholy shrouded Jennie, and no one could bring the peace and sense of rest that Ida did. "Your presence is a benediction," Jennie often said.

Rollin was very anxious as he saw Jennie growing weaker and so wan that even her smile was pitiful. He consulted the most noted physicians who said: "It is the result of her condition. I do not know why it is so, but it is often the case, and the only thing that can be done is to be patient and kind, surround her with everything cheerful, and do not let her know of your anxiety concerning her. During pregnancy the whole system undergoes a change, and she is peculiarly sensitive."

Once when Rollin was watching Jennie while she slept she awoke and found him looking at her with eyes overflowing.

"Oh, Rollin, do not worry over me. I do try to overcome this morbid, heavy-hearted condition, but it is impossible, for, Rollin, dear, I do not think I will live long, but I do want to live long enough to see our little one."

"Cheer up, Jennie, the time will not be much longer, and I feel sure that you will pass through your sickness safely. Why, little wife, life would not be worth living if you were not with me. For my sake, dear, try to live."

"Rollin, come in my room to sleep. I think the nights would not be so long, and I know I would not be troubled with such strange fancies if you were near me."

"I have been sleeping in the hall so I could hear you if you called, and I will be glad, indeed, to be near you."

That night Rollin carried his cot into Jennie's room, and he never relaxed his tender, watchful care. Day and night she felt that his love wrapped her about as a garment.

When Sam and Uncle Andrew came back from the Glen they brought a man with them.

"He has not been well for some time, and today seemed to be quite ill, but he insisted on coming out to the Glen, and it proved too much for him, having had one fainting spell after another, so we brought him here. One of his friends will return with a doctor. His name is Briers." So Sam told Mary.

The doctor came and pronounced it a bad case of typhoid fever. The man's friend had to go, and arrangements were made to leave Mr. Briers at Fairview farm.

"He can pay you for your care, he is not poor. I am sorry that I must leave. Here is my address; write and keep me posted. I will come back as soon as my business is finished."

And so another inmate was added to the family.

(To be continued.)

Politics imply a change of masters; liberty implies the repudiation of all masters.—Free Society.



## WHAT IS LOVE?

(Continued from page 2.)

Sam sure, such love blesses the giver and the receiver. I read between the lines in your letter, and know that you have suffered. It is the same old sorrow, is it not, my dear? Fred left you with words of love on his lips—and that was the end. Look in your scrap book, dear, and I think you will find that poem of the heart (I do not know the author's name) "Where Ways Divide." When I read your letter today I thought of that event in your life and it recalled that poem. Before I quote it let me remind you of the old saying: "Love to a woman is her life, to a man simply an event." Is that true? But I will give you part of the poem.

"Like a dream you entered my life and took my heart in your fingers;  
It was yours to brighten or break, and what if you chose to mar?  
Shall I strive to forget your face and the love that lives and lingers;  
Shall my heart not follow you still as the needle the Northern star?  
There is much, you say, to forgive; but ah, there is more to remember.  
For the memory of love is sweet, though the love itself were vain,  
And the frail, sweet roses of June, recalled, shall enthrall December,  
And what I have lost of pleasure assuage what I find of pain."

No, you cannot "cast it all behind you," you cannot "forget;" neither should you wish "that it never had been." Listen:

"It is only the fools and blind who could pray to forget such things.  
I have sought for the gold of love at the end of the bow of beauty,  
I have sought and have failed to win, but the joy of the quest is mine.  
And now that the garden of dreams is barred by the gate of duty,  
I will drink my share of the lees as I drank my share of the wine."

You say: "Could I awaken some morning with the past a blank?" Again I say no, but be brave, my dear, and say:

"With a sea unsailed beyond, I shall pray no prayer of a craven;  
The word that remains to say shall remain unsaid—forget.  
I have gained this much of love, that my feet have touched its portal.  
I have known your gracious pity or ever we had to part;  
And this I shall keep to the end, for nothing, divine or mortal,  
Can blot one word from the page that is stained with the blood of the heart."

A stranger reading this letter would say: "She did not answer your question, she did not tell you what is love," but you will understand, and you will say, "she has answered it fully," and I hope you will say: "I do not love Mr. Blank and, until 'my own' comes to me, I will wait." Tell me of yourself. Let us renew the old-time confidences. There is more that I would like to write to you but I do not feel that you are ready. I may tell you more when you reply to this. Lovingly,

NELLIE M. JERAULD.

## THE FRUIT OF RAPACITY.

Continued from page 1.

riably when the individual becomes possessed of power to control the actions of others. The past history of oppression should be sufficient to prove the folly of depending on the ruling class to redress wrongs. The genesis of all wrong lies in the dominant passion of man, which

is rapacity. The tooth and elbow conserve might and power. In the endeavor to choke off tyranny humanity, divided into parties, is constantly forging chains for itself and for posterity. The pyramid of society is on its apex. We are all the while looking about for props and guys to support it. The center of gravity, which is that part of human nature akin to godliness—the generous, the soulful, the just, all this is shifted to one side by the preponderance of rapacity, and the pyramid stands trembling, and is liable to topple over and crush not only the supporters of it but the loyal and true.—Light of Truth.

## ASSOCIATION NOTES.

Kenneth Verity was severely hurt by a skid rolling on his leg last week, but he is all right now.

Hundreds of pounds of huckleberries are now being picked and shipped to market in Tacoma. They bring 2 cents a pound in crates.

H. F. Wells, who has lived in several colonies, is with us. He was a member of the Raskin, Tenn., colony, but did not go with them when they moved to Georgia.

Our friend George E. Smith was here for several days last week. He looks hale and hearty. He holds a membership and says he is coming back to settle down some day.

A party of 21 went up to Burley to spend Sunday, that being the second anniversary of their beginning. They had a very pleasant time, indeed. The launch stuck on the mud flats, and having sent the women ashore in a small boat the men waded over the shallows to the bank. Fun, and lots of it. The party started for Home about 6:30 o'clock after having given and received best wishes.

The land owned by the Mutual Home Association is located on an arm of Henderson Bay known locally as Joes Bay, and is 13 miles west from Tacoma on an air line, but the steamer route is about 20 miles.

The association is simply a land-holding institution, and can take no part in the starting of an industry. All industries are inaugurated by the members interested and those willing to help them. Streets are not opened yet and we have no sidewalks. Those thinking of coming here must expect to work, as it is not an easy task to clear this land and get it in condition for cultivation. There are 70 people here—29 men, 18 women and 32 children. We are not living communistic, but there is nothing in our articles of incorporation and agreement to prohibit any number of persons from living in that manner if they desire to do so.

## HOW TO GET TO HOME.

All those intending to make us a visit will come to Tacoma and take the steamer TYPHOON for HOME. The steamer leaves Commercial dock every day except Saturday and Sunday at 2:30 p. m. Leaves Sunday at 8 a. m. Be sure to ask the captain to let you off at HOME.

## RECEIPTS.

Anarchists, Spring Valley, \$5, Dehay \$1.50, Lindbeck \$1, Keinath \$1, Ruetenik \$5c, Veiby \$5c, Rotschek \$3c.

## AGENTS FOR DISCONTENT.

San Francisco—L. Nylén, 700 Sunny-side ave.  
Honolulu—A. Klemencic, Alakea st.

The Educational Club (Boston) meets every Sunday at 2 p. m. at 45 Eliot street. Free discussion.

## VIEWS OF HOME.

1. General View of Home from Rocky Point and entrance to Bay. Two views—one taken in July, 1899, and the other in 1900, showing improvements.  
2. Clam Digging.  
3. Boat and Beach Scene.  
4. Across the Bay.  
5. Rocky Point.  
6. King Residence.  
7. Worden Residence.  
8. Adams Residence.  
9. Cheyse Residence.  
10. Discontent Office.  
Price, mounted, 25 cents; unmounted 15 cents. Order by number of DISCONTENT. As new views are taken they will be added to the list.

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BY EDWIN C. WALKER.

No man is wise enough to foresee the secondary results of any proposed restriction, and no history is copious enough to record the evils that have ensued upon denials of liberty.—George E. Macdonald.

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Appendix: Anthropology and Monogamy; Love and Trust versus Fear; Reflections upon Reading William Platt's "Women, Love, and Life."

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FREE SOCIETY, an advocate of Anarchist Communism, 50 cents a year. 236 Clinton Park, San Francisco, Calif.

MY CENTURY PLANT—By Lois Waisbrooker—So called because so much in advance of the time that only thinkers will appreciate. Written under the influence of an adept of old Atlantis. Shows the law of regeneration, of materialization, the root of church power, and how to free the earth of sex disease. A remarkable book. Price \$1. For sale by Lois Waisbrooker, 1531 L-2 Market st., San Francisco, Calif.

SEND 10 CENTS for specimens of Bilateral papers and 10 tracts, circulars and sample of stocking yarn, or 3 cents for a copy of "Little Freethinker." Elmina Drake Slenker, Snowville, Va.

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## ORDER OF DISCONTENT.

## Articles of Incorporation and Agreement of the Mutual Home Association.

Be it remembered, that on this 17th day of January, 1898, we, the undersigned, have associated ourselves together for the purpose of forming a corporation under the laws of the State of Washington.

That the name of the corporation shall be The Mutual Home Association.

The purpose of the association is to assist its members in obtaining and building homes for themselves and to aid in establishing better social and moral conditions.

The location of this corporation shall be at Home, located on Joes Bay, Pierce County, State of Washington; and this association may establish in other places in this state branches of the same where two or more persons may wish to locate.

Any person may become a member of this association by paying into the treasury a sum equal to the cost of the land, he or she may select, and one dollar for a certificate, and subscribing to this agreement.

The affairs of this association shall be conducted by a board of trustees, elected as may be provided for by the by-laws.

A certificate of membership shall entitle the legal holder to the use and occupancy of not less than one acre of land nor more than two (less all public streets) upon payment annually into the treasury of the association a sum equal to the taxes assessed against the tract of land he or she may hold.

All money received from memberships shall be used only for the purpose of purchasing land. The real estate of this association shall never be sold, mortgaged or disposed of, a unanimous vote of all members of this association shall be required to change these articles of incorporation.

No officer, or other person, shall ever be empowered to contract any debt in the name of this association.

All certificates of membership shall be for life.

Upon the death of any member a certificate of membership shall be issued covering the land described in certificate of membership of deceased.

First: To person named in will or bequest.  
Second: Wife or husband.  
Third: Children of deceased; if there is more than one child they must decide for themselves.

All improvements upon land covered by certificate of membership shall be personal property, and the association as such has no claim thereto.

Any member has the right of choice of any land not already chosen or set aside for a special purpose.

## CERTIFICATE OF MEMBERSHIP.

This is to certify that has subscribed to the articles of incorporation and agreement and paid into the treasury of the Mutual Home Association the sum of . . . dollars, which entitles . . . to the use and occupancy for life of lot . . . block . . . as platted by the association, upon complying with the articles of agreement.